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Northern Messenger

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Our Namesake the 'Northern Messenger,' and its Rival, The 'Winter Messenger.'

Last year the children who are readers of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to Dr. Grenfell money to furnish and maintain two cots in the new hospital at Harrington, on the Canadian Labrador, and the older folk sent money to assist in the work. The readers of the Montreal 'Witness' also joined hands with us in the good work, and enough was gathered to provide the Harrington Hospital with a $2,000 launch, provide several cots at $25 for the furnishing, and $50 for one year's maintenance, and what the readers of the Boys' Page of the 'Witness' were proudest of, built two Komatiks, and provided dogs and driver for them. Now, when you have read what Dr. Grenfell himself has to say of the work our 'Messengers' are doing, you will want to have a share in one or all of them. You will be pleased to hear that we have already over one hundred and fifty dollars, though we have just opened the fund.

Harrington, with the hospital in the centre and the Doctor's house to the right, nearer the shore.

In the midst of his winter campaign for funds and workers for the magnificent work he is carrying on in Newfoundland and Labrador, Dr. Grenfell has taken time to write a special letter to our readers, that they may know just what the money they subscribed last spring has accomplished. There is no question as to its having been a good investment, for the interest is paid in lives saved, suffering abated, and light carried to those who sat in the darkness of ignorance and isolation. Dr. Grenfell has given the name of the 'Northern Messenger' to the launch, the money for which was sent by the readers of the 'Witness' and 'Northern Messenger' last spring. The launch was planned for use at the new hospital at Harrington, on the Canadian Labrador, but we asked Dr. Grenfell to make use of her as soon as she was built, and not let her remain idle while waiting for the work at Harrington to be-gin. Here is Dr. Grenfell's own note of the first summer's work for the 'Northern Messenger':—

'The new launch, "Northern Messenger," was run all last summer, but she had to be used at Harbor Hospital, because I could not get a pilot to take her up the Straits of Belle Isle and the Gulf, and as there was no one who understood her engines except the builder, whom we were using at Battle. She was not ready for me to tow up on my first trip in the "Strathcona," and it was taken in charge of by Mr. Cushing, of McGill University, a qualified electrical engineer, who has volunteered his services for twelve months because he wishes to work for Christ. He is paying his own expenses, and is a Montrealer—as good a man as ever walked a deck. Not a preacher, some would say, because he does not talk much, but I should say the most effective preacher; not one to argue with the Pharisees, but appealing by what he does. Late in the fall, after he had served the doctor at Battle Harbor as long as we dare keep her on the North Side, he ran her over to St. Anthony's, and there was using her for the doctor's visits when I left in November. She is now hauled up in winter quarters there.

'She carried such a lot of patients, but I am sure I cannot remember who; and one thing she did very well was running in and out to the mail vessel, and now and again taking out a batch of sick children and tuberculosis invalids for fresh air on the sea. She did a great deal of work, and will leave the first thing after open winter in charge of Mr. Cushing and a young lad trained on the coast, called Eddie McNeil, for Harrington, and she will go while the ice is still on the outside, so as to keep the water smooth. I have some photographs of her, but do not know that I can get at them; however, I will try.

'The expenses of the launch last year were about $280, or possibly $300 a year would cover her expenses. She uses kerosene, and if she does much more running at Harrington than she did at Battle, she will overrun that probably.'

Mr. Cushing is spending the winter at St.

CLEM.

[Of this lad Dr. Grenfell writes:—On my first Komatik trip I brought in this boy of 9½, with a bad gunshot wound, with compound fracture of knee. He is recovering well. The alternative is best left to the imagination, as the boy lived in a wretched poor cottage, far from anywhere, and no help but our's could have reached him.]

Anthony's Hospital, Newfoundland, and we will soon have letters from him telling us more of the people helped by the launch, and the details of the work she has done than Dr. Grenfell has been able to give.

We planned to maintain the launch for the work, but we did not expect to have a captain who maintained himself, so that after we had spent $300 for kerosene and supplies, and possibly $50 for unexpected expenses, we are 'free to serve' and can send a good contribution to other parts of the work.

In answer to a question as to what kind of a man the Doctor was who had been put in charge of the Harrington work, Dr. Grenfell says:—

'Dr. Hare has a wife and five children. He was a missionary on the border of Thibet for twelve years, speaking Chinese, and his wife was born there, and was the daughter of the famous Dr. Hart. I have photographs of them also, and will send them if I can get at them. The reason they left China was because of the Boxers burning their hospital. They had lived many years on the wall of a city of 400,000 people, with a rope ladder to a boat on the river, ready at any time to be obliged to escape. After returning to Canada, Dr. Hare, who had been a regular subscriber of ours for the last ten years from far off China, met me at the post-graduate in New York, and as he was so much in love with Labrador, where in his youth he had spent the summer as a volunteer medical missionary, he offered to join me. He is a man of very superior judgment, was for a year a Chinese interpreter to the troops in China, and is just the man we needed. Indeed, I look upon him as God-given.'

Now as to the hospital itself and our opportunity for service there: The hospital is finished and is well planned and well built. It was found that the buildings put together by the volunteer help of the fishermen and others in Newfoundland were not proving as serviceable as was desired, though much love and hard work went into their building, and that it would be true economy in the long run to carry up properly prepared building material and trained workmen to put it together. The cost was unexpectedly great as the difficulties of getting either men or material to Harrington were almost insurmountable. The work has been done, however, and the building is there, and also the doctor's house, and the work is going on.

Dr. Hare will be travelling among the scattered people all winter, and he will do it on a Komatik built by the boy readers of the 'Witness.' This year we think the boys of the 'Messenger' will want to help, and be able to share in the proud claim of the 'Witness' boys. It is our komatik that carries the doctor over the frozen miles of snow, and our komatik that is piled with food and clothing for the poorer people. We are running this komatik ourselves; we built it, fed the dogs, and paid the driver. Dr. Hare must work alone this winter, as Dr. Grenfell writes:

'Dr. Hare has a man as a driver for the winter, and he has a hickory sleigh, for which I gave $55.00. This is called the 'Winter Messenger.' I took him up several dogs at a cost of about $5 apiece. He could give you the names of his dogs; I cannot remember them now. All I know is, I took him two beauties which I had to keep on board for nearly six weeks, and who did their best to drive the crew insane during that period. The driver's salary will be for the winter months, I think, $150.00. Much the best way would be to keep this man all the year, and give him $300. He would be perfectly invaluable in the summer time I expect.

'Dr. Hare will want another komatik which I have built for him out of your money. This I could not get to him in time this year, as my friend, Dr. Cook, was away climbing Mt. McKinley, and he has had these sleighs made for me. He is very much interested in our work.

'The fish and whale meat for the dogs costs me about $60.00 a year for my team of dogs. I cannot tell you exactly what Dr. Hare's does cost, but I should think rather more probably. He will be travelling all winter, and ought to have some great stories for you.'

'He had no nurse this year because the Canadian nurse, Miss Mayo, whom I took there in November, and who had her first experience of running on a reef, could not stay in the hospital, as there was no furniture. Unfortunately for us, the contract money for the hospital was much more than I had expected, and we spent the twelve thousand dollars completing the building ready for occupation, and we had no money left to furnish it, except the beds and bedding. It was dreadfully disappointing to me to take the nurse back to our other hospital in St. Anthony, but she is learning a great many things there which will be valuable to her. She is teaching our school, for which we had no teacher, and she is affording a great deal of help in many ways. We hope that the hospital will be ready as soon as the schooners arrive. I want to raise the money for the furniture, which, I think, will be about twelve hundred dollars.'

Although the hospital is not furnished or open the doctor's house is, and the cots our readers sent the money to maintain are not idle. To quote again from Dr. Grenfell's letter:

'Dr. Hare, I am perfectly sure, is taking sick into his house, and if he has not enough room in that, I told him if he could to hire rooms in another house, like I did my first winter in St. Anthony. They are entirely cut off from every kind of communication, except by two dog mails in winter, and, I think, two or three small boat mails in the summer. Their supplies have to come through W. B. Kellogg, 58 Victoria road, Halifax, who ships them by schooner late in May.'

Dr. Grenfell says, in closing his letter: 'You must come down and see this place or send an envoy,' but adds, 'only it is almost impossible to get there.'

No wonder it costs to get material for a hospital, and no wonder people have died in ignorance and helplessness. No wonder our help is needed. We gathered $1,772 last year: let us make it more this year, and ensure the maintenance of our launch, and our cots, and our Komatik, and help furnish the hospital building.

By way of beginning the furnishing, the publishers of the 'Northern Messenger' and Montreal 'Witness' have given a splendid Canadian ensign four yards long, which will wave a welcome to all as they come in sight of the hospital by land or sea.

Thou Art My All.

(Macduff.)

Jesus, my Saviour, look on me,
For I am weary and oppressed,
I come to cast myself on Thee—
Thou art my rest.

Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length,
Thine aid omnipotent I seek—
Thou art my strength.

I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night,
O send Thou forth some cheering ray—
Thou art my light.

Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink—
Thou art my life.

Thou wilt my every want supply
E'en to the end, whate'er befall,
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my all.

Chalmers on New Guinea.

The life of Chalmers, of New Guinea, was one full of interest from beginning to end. The recently published account of it should quicken interest in mission work in the Islands of the Seas. Shortly after he first landed in New Guinea, a native came to them quietly through the bush and said: 'Tamate, you must get away to-night, if you can; at midnight, perhaps, you might have a chance. To-morrow morning, when the big star rises, they will murder you.' He told Mrs. Chalmers what the man had told him, and said to her: 'It is for you to decide. Shall we men stay and you women go, as there is not room for us all on the vessel? Or shall we all stay?' The answer he received was: 'We have come here to preach the Gospel and do these people good. God, whom we serve, will take care of us. We will stay. If we die, we die. If we live, we live.' He put the same questions to the teachers' wives, and they said that whatever Mrs. Chalmers did they would do, adding, 'Let us live or die together.' So they stayed, and God took care of them. 'We had reached the fence and meant to kill you all,' a chief told Chalmers, afterwards, 'but some mysterious thing held us back.'

Religious Notes.

The executive committee of the National Missionary Society for India has definitely decided to begin their missionary operations in the Punjab. The 'National Missionary Intelligencer' says: 'This decision has not been arrived at merely because it is one of the needy provinces of India, but also because it has come forward so heartily to give financial support to the N. M. S., and because there are candidates who can, when accepted, immediately enter the field.'

The National Missionary Society has completed negotiations in regard to opening a mission in the Montgomery District of the Punjab. The missionary bodies at work near this district have given the society a cordial welcome and the Reformed Episcopal Church, which possesses property in one of the villages, has handed it over to the native society. The committee expects to arrange for the immediate opening of work there.

The District of Montgomery is situated in the Punjab, north of the Chenab and between the districts of Lahore and Multan. Within an area of 4,600 square miles there are 463,586 people scattered in 1,314 villages. The population is distributed as follows: Hindus, 109,945; Sikhs, 19,092; Mohammedans, 334,474; and Christians, 66. Of the 66 Christians registered on the night of the last census 49 were Europeans, and of the 17 Indian Christians 14 were men and 3 women. Evidently the few Christians are servants of the European officials. Practically the district is unworked by any missionary agency.

Allahabad appears to have become the centre of an Indian Christian volunteer movement. Special services recently carried on in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church in that city have been attended with so great success that at a Monday morning meeting, not long ago, fifteen young men and seven young women volunteered for definite Christian work.

We would call attention to the remarkable spiritual movement among the aborigines in Western China. For several years the work has been progressing steadily among this interesting people, and now a great reaping time has come. Recently, in connection with a series of visits by China inland missionaries; over 1,000 men and women confessed their faith in Christ and were baptized.

These persons were most carefully examined, and their understanding of the Gospel seemed to be clear and sure. It will be right to assume, therefore, that God has begun a new and blessed work among this otherwise unreached people.

A similar awakening has been going on in Yunnan Province among the Hwa Miao. The Rev. S. Pollard writes that the number of baptized members now exceeds 1,200. He mentions a convention which they had held as an offset to a great festival which the people had been in the habit of holding annually and which was a time of great carousal, drunkenness and immorality. On the Sunday of the convention over a hundred were baptized, and a large number again a few days later, when 2,500 people were present. 'On Sunday, July 1st, 230 more were baptized at Rice Ear Valley, where a third chapel to seat 700 is being built. In the next seven days about 200 more were baptized.' Mr. Pollard also mentions the missionary spirit among the Miao, and describes how they go and persistently preach in other villages.

LESSON.—APRIL 21, 1907.

Joseph Sold by His Brothers.

Genesis xxxviii., 5-28. Memory verses, 26-28. Read the chapter.

Golden Text.

For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work.—Jas. iii., 16.

Home Readings.

Monday, April 15.—Gen. xxxvii., 1-17.
Tuesday, April 16.—Gen. xxxvii., 18-36.
Wednesday, April 17.—Gen. xxxix., 1-6.
Thursday, April 18.—Matt. x., 16-28.
Friday, April 19.—James iv., 1-12.
Saturday, April 20.—I. John ii., 1-12.
Sunday, April 21.—I. John iv., 1-21.

For the Junior Classes.

How many brothers have you, Fred? Just two, you say, so perhaps you get along very smoothly. Do you ever have any quarrels with them? So you do, after all. We won't enquire particularly into any quarrels or just why they come up, but there is one thing it would be very interesting to know—Is there any one in the class who has any brothers or sisters, and yet never has any kind of a quarrel with them? that is, of course, if they are old enough to want their own way just when you think your own so much the better. Well, since you all have some quarrels, perhaps you can understand how easily quarrels would grow where there were twelve brothers and we don't know how many sisters. Anyhow, it was a very big family into which Joseph was born, and he was the youngest until his little brother Benjamin came. There was another thing that made trouble in this big family, and that was that the father of all these boys loved Joseph best, and showed this very plainly. You will remember that we learned last Sunday about Jacob's return to his old home after living for many years in a strange country, and how rich he had grown to be. Joseph was a little boy, then only about six or seven, but already his father had begun to show how much he loved him (Gen. xxxiii., 1, 2). To-day's story is of a time about eleven years later, when Joseph was a boy of seventeen.

The children are bound to know something about Joseph, as this is one of the particular favorites among Bible stories, and it will be well to get them to tell all they know, just filling in the details omitted. Point out the necessity of being particularly careful at home because it is so easy there to let in the little troubles that grow to such awful power.

For the Seniors.

The various characters presented in the lesson are of the greatest interest. It is a strange thing that Jacob, recollecting the trouble caused in his own home by his parent's partiality, should have fallen into the same mistake. The boy Joseph was evidently a beautiful and lovable boy, and had it not been for the too evident expression of his father's favor the trouble between him and his brothers might not have occurred. As it was, the position of social pre-eminence given him by his father was not only a prophecy of his ultimate preferment to the tribal headship, but served to emphasize the spiritual superiority of the boy. Evil always dislikes the good that shows the sin up in its true colors. Moreover, Joseph knowing the importance that was attached to dreams, would have been wiser to keep his manifestly self gratifying dreams to himself. It is possible that his father's favoritism was turning a naturally lovable boy into something of a prig. The experience in Egypt would be the most sure corrective for any such tendency. The brothers appear in no favorable light at all. The best that can be said is that their consciences did not cease to be troubled by their act (Gen. xlii., p1). Reuben, always a weak character, was not strong enough to exert any good influence in this case. Judah was generally hard, and a little calculating. He seems to have taken after his father somewhat, and is quite as willing to deceive him as Jacob was to deceive Isaac. The experience proves to have had a good effect on all their characters, and certainly Joseph looked upon it as the act of God (Gen. xlv., 5, 8.)

(Slections from Tarbell's 'Guide.')

Verse 17. Let us go to Dothan. If you were to ask a native of Shechem to-day, 'Where is the best pasture-ground for sheep?' he would tell you, 'Dothan.' Because there would be better pasture there than at Shechem is, I think, the reason they moved on. Joseph goes after them; they see him 'afar off.' Here is a touch of local truth; for after climbing the high hill north of Samaria which would be Joseph's route, he would then descend the steep northern slope of the ridge, and at Dothan would be easily seen afar off. His figure would tell against the sky-line. They recognized his figure and dress, sharp-sighted, as all Arab shepherds are to-day.—Henry A. Harper.

There is nothing which ordinary Christians lack so much as this Inspired Imagination. They do not see visions. They do not dream dreams. They are human moles that burrow and grope in the darkness of narrow boundaries, of subterranean passages; and there are human eagles that spurn the low earth and soar aloft into the bright sunlight. Only eagles can see the vast horizon of life and beauty. Are you a mole or an eagle? Do you belong to the class of Christians whose imaginations have never been raised and exalted by God, or to those who see visions and dream dreams of glorious spiritual victories?—Hugh Price Hughes, in 'Ethical Christianity.'

When you and I cease to dream dreams it will be time for us to give up being municipal reformers.—Lord Rosebery.

I am struck by this circumstance, namely, how possible it is to fall from a rough kind of vice, such as 'Let us slay our brother,' into a milder form of iniquity, such as 'Let us sell our brother,' and to think that now we have actually come into a state of virtue. Observe, the morality has not been changed, only the point in the scale has been lowered. When God comes to judge the world, He will not say, 'Is this virtue and water? Is this diluted vice?' but, 'Is this right? Is this wrong?' —Joseph Parker.

Some persons instead of 'putting off the old man' dress him up in a new shape.—Saint Bernard.

(From Peloubet's 'Notes.')

Joseph's coat was probably richly embroidered, and made of fine Egyptian linen. This sort of robe was worn only by those who had no need to toil for their living. All who had to win their bread by labor wore short, colored garments that did not show stain, or cramp the free movement of the limbs. Such was the lot of Jacob's other sons, and such the garments they wore.'—F. B. Meyer.

A bit of sand on the rim of a bicycle will do no harm; but let it get into the ball bearings, and it may destroy one of them and stop the wheel. A bit of gravel in the walk is of small account; but if it makes its way into your shoe, it may lame you for days. It is everywhere the point of contact that has to be oiled and protected; and such a point of contact, in our social life, is the home, the place where we rub up against one another the most. That is why trouble in the family is so serious a matter, and why we should take especial care to be loving and unselfish in the home.

'The Athenians became tired of hearing Aristides called "the just," and they banished him to get rid of that which was disagreeable; so those who are unprincipled become intolerant of the integrity of the upright who are working at their side, and do everything in their power to make them uncomfortable.' —W. M. Taylor.

'Joseph's two dreams were evidently intended to be signs of the steadfastness of the divine purpose towards him, by possessing the clearness of special prophecy; yet were couched in such imagery as not to inform him prematurely of his destiny, and only to be understood after their fulfilment.'—Ruskin, in 'Stones of Venice.'

Verse 22.—Cast him into this pit. 'Underground cisterns abounded in Palestine, and, when dry, were so often used for a dungeon —escape from them being impossible, from their frequently bottle-like shape—that the Hebrew word for them also means a prison.' Giekie. Jeremiah's prison was such a place.

Verse 22.—That is in the wilderness. 'Reuben apparently pointed to some cistern in the desolate region which girds the little valley of Dothan around.'—Ellicott.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

John vii., 5; I .Sam. xvii., 17, 28; I. Cor. xiii., 4; Acts vii., 9; Gen. l., 20; Prov. xiv., 30; Eph. iv., 31, 32.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, April 21.—Topic—Wise ways to read wise books. Prov. iv., 1-9.

Junior C. E. Topic.

OUR WORDS.

Monday, April 15.—Keeping the tongue Prov. xxi., 28.

Tuesday, April 16.—A bridled mouth. Ps. xxxix., 1.

Wednesday, April 17.—The door of my lips. —Ps. cxli., 3.

Thursday, April 18.—Only good words. Eph. iv., 29.

Friday, April 19.—Kind words. Prov. xxxi., 26.

Saturday, April 20.—True words. Ps. xv., 1-3.

Sunday, April 21.—Topic—Pleasant words and harsh words. Prov. xv., 1-4.

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THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

This lost man knew that if he had the drink there and then, wine, beer, rum, gin, brandy, anything with alcohol in it, he should seize it, gulp it, drain it, if even he should die with the bottle at his lips! Frightened, horrified, aghast, he shouted, or rather, tried to shout, for the sound that came between his lips was a shapeless noise, weird and inhuman, more terrible than any syllabled cry that could leave the lips of man!

The awful clutch of paralysis had laid deadly hold upon him! Perhaps, nay, surely, a visitation of mercy this, that rendered possible the saving of an immortal soul alive.

The noise he had made was heard without; was heard across the street; was heard by Landlord Marvell, busy at that moment 'putting things to rights,' preparatory to the brisk run of business which was sure to come when the chimes of the church bells made musical the Sabbath eve! The landlord sent in haste for Dr. Medway, and that strong advocate of the port-wine theory was commendably quick to present his bloated visage upon the scene. Did some tricksy spirit whisper in his ear, I wonder, as he looked upon the distressful and distorted features of the stricken man. 'That is the result of your "prescription," Doctor. Before you gave it him you said he was below par. Doctor Medway, what is his level now?'

'Good heavens!' cried the doctor, as he regarded the paralyzed farmer, 'It's all over with that man. Marvell,' he continued in a low tone, 'I would not answer for his living another day. You had better send for his wife.'

He stepped forward to take the doomed man's hand: but Stipson would none of it. So excited did he become, and such a look of hate sat upon his face, that Medway, not unwillingly, perhaps, left the room. Even in him, conscience was not absolutely dead.

The news was soon spread abroad. Dick Bardsley told his sister, and Jennie Bardsley, bent on the fulfilment of her Divine commission 'to be a blessing,' was quickly at the sick man's side. At once she took the management of the case into her own hands; sent for Dr. Preston, a young practitioner, of a new and better school, had the patient removed to a quiet and darkened chamber, and then found time to ask the question.

'Dr. Preston, is he about to die?'

'He may rally a little; but he can't recover,' was the reply; it is only a question of days or even hours.'

'His wife must be sent for,' said Jennie. 'Poor woman! What a message to send on the Lord's Day of rest and peace! Who will take it? Can I do any good here, Doctor?'

'Not any, Miss Bardsley, that Mrs. Marvell can't attend to.' He had read her intention.

'Then I'll go myself,' said Jennie, who thought, as she went on her sad errand, of the grave beneath the yew trees, where her own dead darling lay.

Mrs. Stipson had already settled in her own mind that her husband had broken his new-made vows. She sat, bowed down with grief and fearsome apprehension, waiting, watching, with a sickness at the heart such, I think, as few can feel as can the drunkard's wife. It cannot be said that Jennie's news came upon her as a crushing surprise. She had lived for years on the edge and brink of such a possibility. Jennie told the sorrowful story as well and tenderly as such sad stories can be told; but she was touched to the quick at the sight of the dull, dark, blank look that came upon the listener's face. She only said, 'O George, George! My husband.' and inquired of Jennie if he was not already dead.

Mrs. Stipson hastened to her husband's side. Her self-repression there was wonderful. Jennie Bardsley seemed to impart to her her own inner calm and her strength of soul.

When Jennie found that the evening service at Zion's Chapel must be over, she asked the sick man if he would like someone to pray with him. There was no doubt about the answer. He could not speak in words, but the expression of his eager eyes said yes. Naturally, she sent for the pastor of her own church, Mr. Dunwell.

For a few moments, Stipson did not seem to recognize him. Then suddenly there came into his eyes a steady gaze and a kindling fire. He grew excited, and vainly strove to rise. With an evident concentration of forces, and a violence of effort that was pitiful to see, he managed to voice one word, though indistinctly. It was this: 'Go!'

Was the Reverend Daniel Dunwell, I wonder, conscious of the reason why? Why was he dismissed, this minister of Christ, sharply dismissed by a man, a dying man, who longed for the prayer of the righteous that availeth much, to help a poor sinner back to God? Yet Daniel Dunwell was a good man, tender and true!

That Sunday morning the pastor of Zion Chapel had been complimented by Stipson across the decanter, because he was not a 'namby-pamby teetotaler.' That Sunday evening the dying drunkard will not have this Christian minister to pray with him, because he had helped, all 'for company' and 'good fellowship' to push him down, down to the first and second death!

CHAPTER XX.

The construction of the York and Netherborough railway was being pushed bravely on.

Of course, the very process of cutting the line brought a good deal of business to Netherborough, and a temporary increase of population of navvies, and a still rougher class, such as always follows in the wake of the armies of labor, as of armies of a far unworthy and a far more destructive kind. One of the contractors took up his abode in the town, and became quite a dignitary in the estimation of the townspeople, who had never been accustomed to that kind of thing.

Mr. Allamore, the contractor, was a total abstainer, a rare thing among his class in those days. The drink interest did not reap much advantage from him, and he was not popular among the fraternity of the barrel and the still. But all other interests were benefited, for he persuaded large numbers of the navvies to follow his example, and they and the tradesmen, too, found advantage in that.

'Take all your beer in the shape of beef lads,' I've heard him say, when the weekly pay-day came round. 'If anybody asks you to "stand treat," the best thing you can do is to retreat and leave them to stand by themselves. Treat yourselves to a respectable Sunday suit. Treat your wives to a nice bonnet and gown. Treat your bairns to a bit of good shoe-leather, and a spell of good schooling. And treat everybody that tries to get you to fool away your hard-earned money in drink—treat them with plenty of cold shoulder, and give them your full permission to come your way no more.'

Mr. Allamore and Walter Bardsley became close friends. A sort of mission-hall was run up at the contractor's cost and charge, and Walter found congenial employ in acting as a missioner among the work people. He became almost as popular with the men as Mr. Allamore himself, and in Temperance work especially did he work with the best and most enduring kind. Dear old Aaron Brigham, too, was always a welcome visitor at the little mission-hall, and his brief talks to the men, quaint and hearty, were, as the men themselves declared, as good 'as applie-pie.' Jennie Bardsley and her brother started a Sunday School, to which men, wives, and children were all invited. It was a queer business, but it has left its mark for good on lower Netherborough to this day.

'If I'd a dozen helpers at my back like Walter Bardsley and his sister,' said Mr. Allamore one day to Mr. Norwood Hayes, 'I think we could almost kick John Barleycorn out of Netherborough.'

'But why should you?' asked that excellent gentleman. He was well pleased to hear such high encomiums on his son-in-law elect; but he could not approve of such high-handed measures against 'Sir John' as Mr. Allamore evidently had in view. 'John Barleycorn is a jolly and agreeable fellow enough, if you only tell him how far he may go. If you let him take liberties with you, that's your look-out, not his,' and Mr. Hayes smiled at his own pleasant way of putting it.

'Dear me!' said Mr. Allamore, drily. 'Have you many acquaintances of that sort; fellows against whom you have to keep guard to keep them from making a fool of you, or even something worse? I should soon tell them how far they might go!

'But in your case, Mr. Hayes,' continued the contractor, 'that is not the question. You can stop your "friends," Barleycorn, Juniper, Usquebaugh, Eau-de-Vie, and the rest of your questionable cronies, excuse me, when you see that they are not to be trusted. You can turn off the tap, and cork the bottle with a firm hand, and you can, if you like, thank God that you are not as other men. But what about those "other men" who cannot, and with whom these potent agents work their ruinous will—what about them, Mr. Hayes?'

'Why, as to that,' replied Mr. Hayes, with the calm assurance which so well became him, 'I set them an example of self-control, and silently preach to them the possibility and the value of a manly mastery over all mere sensualities. I let my moderation be known unto all men; and if the "other men" you talk about would do the same, Sir John Barleycorn, against whom you have such a sturdy grudge, would do them no harm.'

'But,' said Mr. Allamore, 'you know well enough, Mr. Hayes, what poor weak stuff human nature is, so far as multitudes are concerned; what is to be done with the pitiful crowds who cannot do the same, because of natural weakness and the perpetual pressure of temptation? Are they to be left to their fate?'

'Stuff and nonsense!' said Mr. Hayes. 'Of course I know all about the weakness of human nature; know it, alas, not only by the teaching of the Bible, and my own observation, but by my own experience, too. But the grace of God is free to all men. All may have it for the asking, and they who have it have enough to master any temptation whatsoever, drinking among the rest.'

Mr. Allamore stood still, and fixed his gaze earnestly, nay, sternly, on the face of Mr. Hayes, who looked somewhat surprised.

'Look here, my friend,' said the contractor, with much warmth, 'I think that form of words is used by Christian people, as they elect to be called, a great deal too freely, and that it falls far too glibly from their tongues. Far be it from me to speak slightly or irreverently of the "grace of God:" it is poor humanity's life and hope. I do not make profession of Christianity in the sense in which you feel free to do so, but I have profound faith in the "grace of God" as the means of lifting our mean manhood up to a better and nobler life. But all the same, I think it is high time that we were hearing a good deal more about the grace of man!'

(To be continued.)

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Solitary Way.

Psalm cvii., 1-9.

There is a mystery in human hearts,
And though we be encircled by a host
Of those who love us well, and are beloved,
To every one of us, from time to time,
There comes a sense of utter loneliness.
Our dearest friend is 'stranger' to our pain,
And cannot realize our bitterness.

'There is not one who really understands,
Not one to enter into all I feel!'—
Such is the cry of each of us in turn.
We wander in 'a solitary way,'
No matter what or where our lot may be
Each heart, mysterious even to itself,
Must live its inner life in solitude.

II.

And would you know the reason why this is?
It is because the Lord desires our love,—
In every heart He wishes to be first.
He therefore keeps the secret-key Himself,
To open all its chambers, and to bless,
With perfect sympathy and holy peace,
Each solitary soul which comes to Him.

So when we feel this loneliness, it is
The voice of Jesus saying, 'Come to Me!'
And every time we are 'not understood,'
It is another call to us to come;
For Christ alone can satisfy the soul,
And those who walk with Him from day to day
Can never have 'a solitary way.'

III.

Then if beneath some great trial you faint,
And say, 'I cannot bear this load alone,'
You say the truth. Christ made it purposely
So heavy that you must leave it to Him.
The bitter grief which 'no one understands'
Conveys a secret message from the Lord,
Entreating you to come to Him with it.

The Man of Sorrows, understands it well
In all points tempted, He can feel with you
You cannot come too often, or too near.
The Son of God is infinite in grace,
His presence satisfies the longing soul,
And those who walk with Him from day to day
Can never have 'a solitary way.'

—Selected.

Saving the Train.

One of the brightest and best-educated girls in Millsboro' was employed as a telegraph operator on the line of the Pennsylvania Railway.

One evening, during a terrible thunderstorm, on going to her office door, she noticed about a hundred yards away a large tree uprooted and blown directly across the track. At once she realized the danger of the situation. An express train was due in a few minutes.

Seizing the red signal light, this frail, yet brave and determined girl flew through the fearful storm up the track, and swung her lantern, until at length she heard the engineer whistle 'down brakes,' and she knew the train was saved.

Meantime, though the speed of the train had been checked, the engine struck the tree with sufficient force to hurl a heavy limb against the shoulder of the brave girl, and she plunged headlong down the steep embankment into a ditch, inflicting several painful and serious injuries.

The passengers, as would naturally be expected, were profuse in their expressions of gratitude to the resolute girl, and a handsome sum of money was made up and handed to her. This, however, she modestly declined, and returning to her office, she remained on duty all night.

The injuries, however, which the young operator received ultimately proved fatal. From the effects of that blow on the shoulder she never recovered; consumption finally claimed her as a victim, and one beautiful summer day the young girl who so freely risked her life to save others was laid to rest in the village churchyard.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

The Empty Hand.

There is an old Arab proverb, which says, 'The empty hand is soiled.' The empty hand is soiled because it is bare and open to all the dust that flies. Palm and fingers not closed about anything in fervent clasp may well collect the soot and grime ready to lodge wherever space offers. Friction is often a good cleanser, at least it prevents undesirable accumulations. The hand that is plunged into honest work and is kept busy has an advantage over the idle fingers. A good deal may be rubbed off by toil, where indolence but gathers soil. The hand that carries a gift is proof against contamination that might otherwise befall. There is no protection for one's self like service for others.

A Bible blessing is pronounced upon 'clean hands.' It is worth while to 'wash them in innocency' and to keep them clean. To keep them clean, see to it that they are not empty. Again and again we find that the marginal reading for 'consecrate' is 'fill the hand,' and God says, 'None shall appear before me empty. But the question is, 'Who, then, is willing this day to "fill the hand" unto God?' It is to him that the consecration must be made. It will not do to load the hands with what he disapproves.—'Good Work.'

Save all the Bits.

I remember a busy man who had very little time for reading or study, but whose mind was a perfect storehouse of information on almost every subject.

'How does it happen that you know so much more than the rest of us?' I asked him one day.

'Oh,' said he, 'I never had time to lay in a regular stock of learning, so I save all the bits that come in my way, and they count up a good deal in the course of a year.'

Save up the 'bits'; don't let anything worth knowing escape your eyes and ears. The little floating seeds of thought that go sailing past you like thistledown may prove as valuable as the great fields that are more carefully sown. Save up the bits of 1907.—'Home Words.'

'I've No Place.'

'I've no place to pray,' said a little girl in a pitiful voice one day as her teacher was talking to her about prayer. She lived in a lodging house, in three little rooms, with her father and mother and six brothers and sisters. There was little chance for her to get away alone.

But her teacher told her she could sometimes slip away into one of the little dark bedrooms and shut the door. There she could be alone with God, and the rest of the family wouldn't miss her for a few minutes. Minnie promised to try it.

Almost every one can find a lone corner for prayer, if they want to. I once heard of a man who worked in a large machine shop who, after eating his lunch at noon, used to go inside an old boiler to pray. One of his companions found it out, and asked if he might come, too. Then others came, and after a while they had quite a little prayer meeting in the old boiler, and souls were saved there.

I knew a man who lived in a small house, and always went out in the barn to pray. I also knew a young girl who could not get a chance for secret prayer till all the day's work of a large family was done, and then she had to go down into the cellar to be alone. But what sweet seasons of prayer she had down there in the dark!

We read in Acts x., 9, that Peter, when in Joppa, 'went up upon the house-top to pray about the sixth hour.'

God is everywhere. If we cannot be alone, we can pray to Him in our hearts. He can hear even a thought-prayer.—American Paper.

'You Work for Him.'

Like many other girls who visited the World's Fair, she wore a tiny silver cross.

A certain morning found her in the Turkish Village, studying the bright-faced merchants and laughing at the queer jingles with which they announced their wares. One of the men was more insistent than the others—so much so that, scarcely knowing why she did it, she crossed to his booth and made some small purchase. As he was wrapping it he looked up at her.

'You work for Him, don't you?' he said.

For a moment the girl was puzzled. Then she touched the tiny cross.

'Do you mean this?' she asked in surprise. 'Do you know what it means?'

'Yes,' he answered, gravely. '"I, H. N.—In His Name." It must make you very happy.'

The girl went away, but the words clung to her memory. Happy? She had known many hours of aimless impatience. Restlessness and discontent oppressed her friends as well, even those whose hands were full of life's best gifts.

She and they called themselves Christians, yet one whom she might have thought a heathen had perceived her privilege and told her her duty.

'You work for Him.'

Did she? If she failed in the thing that she had promised, how could she expect the reward of joy? The secret of the happy Christian life is service.—'Youth's Companion.'

The world goes up and the world goes down,
And sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sneer, and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again.

—Kingsley.

A Western Salesman.

Not the least interesting part of our dealings with our large company of 'Pictorial' Boys has always been the characteristic letters accompanying their remittances. One boy drives around a pleasant country road with his mouth's supply; another says, 'I ride horseback to do myselling.'

Another says, 'I tramped round through the mud with mine,'—but he sold them nevertheless, and earned his premium, in spite of the weather.

This week, in response to an invitation sent some time ago to one of our Alberta boys to send in his picture for the 'Portrait Gallery,' we were delighted to receive a picture of himself on a scrawny-looking Western pony—for he, too, looks after his sales on horseback. It is a characteristic Western picture, and readers of the Boys' Page will do well to watch for it in the May 'Pictorial.' The April 'Gallery' will show Master Fawcett Eaton, a young Ontario 'commission merchant,' who handles the 'Pictorial' regularly.

Why should not you fall in line and earn a watch and chain, a fountain pen, a knife, or cash commission, by selling the 'Canadian Pictorial,' Canada's popular illustrated monthly, at ten cents a copy.

See fuller description of premiums elsewhere in this issue.

Send a post-card to-day for a package of twelve to start on, and our letter of instructions as to how to go to work.

Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

Gulliver's Adventures Among the Giants.

(By Dean Swift, as edited by W. T. Stead, for 'Books for the Bairns.')

(Continued.)

Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box, and would sometimes take me out of it, and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk. I remember, before the dwarf left the Queen, he followed us one day into those gardens, and my nurse having set me down, he and I being close together, near some dwarf apple-trees, I must needs show my wit by a silly allusion between him and the trees. Whereupon the malicious rogue, watching his opportunity when I was walking under one of them, shook it directly over my head; by which a dozen apples, each of them near as large as a Bristol barrel, came tumbling about my ears; one of them hit me on the back as I chanced to stoop, and knocked me down flat on my face; but I received no other hurt; and the dwarf was pardoned at my desire, because I had given the provocation.

AN APPLE AS LARGE AS A BARREL HIT ME.

Another day, Glumdalclitch left me on a smooth grass-plot to divert myself, while she walked at some distance with her governess. In the meantime there suddenly fell such a shower of hail that I was immediately, by the force of it, struck to the ground; and when I was down, the hail-stones gave me such cruel bangs all over the body as if I had been pelted with tennis-balls; however, I made a shift to creep on all fours, and shelter myself by lying flat on my face on the lee-side of a border of lemon-tayme, but so bruised from head to foot that I could not go abroad for ten days.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden, when my little nurse, believing she had put me in a secure place, a small spaniel, belonging to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, happened to range near the place where I lay. The dog, following the scent, came directly up, and taking me in his mouth, ran straight to his master, wagging his tail, and set me gently on the ground. By good fortune, he had been so well taught that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt, or even tearing my clothes.

Once a kite, hovering over the garden, made a swoop at me, and if I had not resolutely drawn my hanger, and run under a thick espalier, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons. Another time, walking to the top of a fresh mole-hill, I fell to my neck in the hole through which that animal had cast up the earth, and coined some lie—not worth remembering—to excuse myself for spoiling my clothes. I likewise broke my right shin against the shell of a snail, which I happened to stumble over as I was walking alone and thinking of poor England.

I remember a thrush had the confidence to snatch out of my hand with his bill a piece of cake that Glumdalclitch had just given me for breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these birds they would boldly turn against me, endeavoring to pick my fingers, which I durst not venture within their reach; and then they would hop back unconcerned, to hunt for worms and snails as they did before. But one day I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my strength so luckily at a linnet that I knocked him down, and seizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse. I had him next day for dinner by the Queen's command. This linnet, as near as I can remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an English swan.

(To be Continued.)

A Merry Heart.

'Tis well to have a merry heart,
  However short we stay;
There's wisdom in a merry heart,
  Whate'er the world may say.
Philosophy may lift its head
  And find out many a flaw,
But give me the philosophy
  That's happy with a straw!

If life but brings us happiness—
  It brings us, we are told,
What's hard to buy, though rich ones try,
  With all their heaps of gold!
Then laugh away—let others say
  Whate'er they will of mirth;
Who laughs the most may truly boast
  He's got the wealth of earth!

There's beauty in a merry laugh,
  A moral beauty too—
It shows the heart's an honest heart
  That's paid each man his due,
And lent a share of what's to spare
  Despite of wisdom's fears;
And made the cheek less sorrow speak,
  The eye weeps fewer tears.

The sun may shroud itself in cloud,
  The tempest-wrath begin;
It finds a spark to cheer the dark,
  Its sunlight is within!
Then laugh away, let others say
  Whate'er they will of mirth;
Who laughs the most may truly boast,
  He's got the wealth of earth!

—Selected.

A Mountain of Alum.

One of the recently discovered natural curiosities of China is an 'alum mountain,' 1,900 feet in height and about ten miles in circumference at the base. The Chinese quarry the alum, or masses containing alum, in large blocks, which are heated in ovens made for the purpose and afterward dissolved in boiling water. The alum then crystallizes in layers about half a foot in thickness and is cut up into ten-pound pieces. Its principal use is in the purification of water.—'Youth's Companion.'

A Lonely Post-Office.

There is one spot, out at sea, where there is a post-office. It is only a painted barrel, chained to a rock so that it floats. Every ship passing by takes the letters out for the place to which it is going, and put others in, for some other ship to carry home.—'Child's Home.'

How He Did It.

Mrs. Russell Sage taught school in her youth in Philadelphia, and a Philadelphia woman who was once her pupil said, the other day:

'She had a way of hammering home an idea with an apt anecdote that we girls enjoyed hugely.

'One day, in impressing upon us the importance of perseverance, she said that she knew a little boy who was a remarkably fine skater.

'She watched the youngster, one winter afternoon, do the front and back roll, the grapevine, the glide and other feats, and finally, overcome with enthusiasm, she patted him on the back and said:

'How on earth, at your age, did you learn to skate so magnificently?"

'By getting up every time I fell down,' was the boy's simple answer.—'Star.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

BUSILY KODAKING THE WORLD.

For the best and most sprightly verses, referring to the interesting features of the tribution will be awarded a prize of two dollars. Competition that a longer poem might miss. Competition

That the competition will be restricted to those who know the 'Canadian Pictorial' and can consequently write knowingly about it, it is required that all competition verses be accompanied by a coupon, which will be found both in the April and May numbers of the 'Canadian Pictorial.' These two issues will be mailed in due course to all who remit ten cents with the coupon to be found at the foot of page 11 of this issue.

not more than six in number at most, describing the activities above represented, and also 'Canadian Pictorial,' there will be awarded a prize of three dollars. The second best contributions will be awarded a prize of two dollars. A good parody might easily win, and one catchy verse might carry off the prize closes May 31.

Unappreciated.

It may be, friend, you are a very good sort of a man, judged by the commercial standard, by the standard of the club, and even by the standard of the church. I don't doubt but that you are a pretty good sort of a man measured by your own standard; but——I hope the compositors will place a long dash after that word 'but,' for there was a great deal of thinking that came after it. What was I thinking about? Your wife, perhaps; your mother, your sister, or any one whose kindness, courtesy, and affection ministers to you, and you don't appreciate the ministry.

The unappreciated ones, who love us, and serve us; I am thinking of them. And as I think, faces come out of the air in front of me, and stand out to sight as if they were living faces. There is the face of a mother—a worn face; a face that is wrinkled as years and labors and troubles wrinkle a face; eyes that show a growing dimness as they gaze at me; hands no longer plump; fingers no longer rounded; hair half grey and half brown. The face of a woman that has done work—hard work, work for many—done it for sixty years; done it faithfully, lovingly, heroically, but has never been appreciated for doing it.

Another face? Certainly. Whose? Your wife's. Not old, nor young—forty, perhaps. The face of a woman that does everything from love; of a woman who has been busy all the day that your house might be a home for you; a woman you left without a kiss this morning, and whom you forgot to greet as you came in at night. And yet there were your slippers by your chair, the evening papers on the table, the table spread for tea—everything clean, orderly, homelike, And you scarcely greeted her! Brute? Pretty near it. What do you think?—'Christian Globe.'

There is no equality in family life. The parents have a different position, a different influence, a different income from that of their children. But the differences contribute to, rather than take from the family happiness. The strength of the strong here is for every weak one, and the love is from each for all.—J. Brierley.

'CANADIAN PICTORIAL'

CONTENTS FOR APRIL OF THE NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY.

In view of the show of the Automobile Club of Canada, which opens in Montreal on April 6, much space is devoted in this issue to motors and motoring. There is an article on the sport and another on what to wear, and even the jokes revolve around the latest means of locomotion. The illustrations include cars of the years of the past, an auto. at the foot of the Pyramids, the London motor show, well known Montrealers in their cars, an auto. in a farm yard, an auto driven for hire by a woman in the Paris boulevards, an auto. at an Irish castle, while the cover picture shows a car climbing a hill covered with a deep mantle of snow.

Other subjects are not neglected. Thousands have not yet received a picture of Miss Maxwell, the heroine of the Hochelage school fire. A full page portrait is given and also a large picture showing the crowds as the funeral procession reached the Cathedral. The Hon. Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior, figures in the series of Canadians in public life. Sports are dealt with by pictures of sensational jumping on skis, and Eddie Durnan, the Canadian champion oarsman, now in Australia. Royalty figures in several pictures—the King and Queen at the opening of parliament and the Prince and Princess of Wales at the opening of the new docks at Devonport. A page is devoted to scenes at the funeral of Dr. Oronhyatekha, the greatest Canadian Indian of his day. Seasonable are the pictures, Easter in the churches and the Awakening of the St. Lawrence. In the woman's department, Easter weddings and entertainments, spring millinery, the latest modes, and invalid cookery are dealt with from a Canadian woman's point of view. There are the usual patterns, news features, jokes, etc.

The Pictorial Publishing Co., 142 St. Peter street, Montreal. Ten cents a copy. One dollar a year.

Correspondence

O., Man.

Dear Editor,—I have a pony, whose name is Maud. I can not drive her, for she is only two years old, but she will soon be big enough to ride. There is so much snow around here that I often go coasting off the large banks. We live two miles from O., which is only a small place, consisting of two elevators, one store, one church, and two residences. I have only lived in Canada four years. We came from the United States when I was only five years old. But I still remember my old home, and think I like my own country best.

BRYAN TUCKER (aged 9 years.)

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the letters on the 'Correspondence' page of the 'Messenger,' and thought I would like to write one, too. We get the 'Messenger' in our Sunday School, and we all like it very much.

I am nine years old, and am in the senior Second Book, and like going to school very much. I liked the story in the 'Messenger' last year; it was 'St. Cecilia of the Court,' and read it every Sunday. I have not been reading the one this year, so I don't know what it is like. I will close with some riddles:

What is invisible blue?

Why is a cow like a broken chair?

What did the Duke of Wellington do when he wore his boots out?

I wish you would start publishing jokes on the 'Correspondence' page.

YOUR PRAISER, JACK H.

[The great difficulty with jokes, Jack is that they are like Tennyson's little girl, who 'When she was good, she was very, very, good, But when she was bad, she was horrid.'

However, if any of the correspondents can tell a really good funny story, not just a repeated joke, it will be welcome to a place in the 'Messenger.'—Ed.]

W., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Having seen and read so many nice little letters from boys and girls throughout the country, I have decided to write also. I live on a farm, and go to school. I think each boy or girl should have some aim in life. I have one brother, who is two years younger than I; he also goes to school, which is very close to our place.

We live near Williams's Lake, where the 'Imperial Cement Co.' of Owen Sound, get their marl. They have, until last fall, loaded the cars with a steam derrick, but they have now put in a locomotive crane, and the coming season intend adding another large machine, which will load fully forty cars a day.

STAR (aged 10).

A. C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old, and I go to school every day. We have just got a new teacher, and he is not very cross. I have one sister, but no brothers. We have a little baby boy staying here, because it's mother is dead. I have some aunts and some uncles, but more aunts than uncles. I have an aunt staying here now.

JOHN H. ALEXANDER.

S. S. M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—The school I attend is named after Alexander Muir, and was finished last Christmas holidays. I am in the senior third, and have a sister twelve years old in the senior fourth. Father has been taking the 'Witness' since 1887, and hopes to continue to take it. Mother also reads the 'Witness' and 'Messenger,' and thinks they are fine papers.

EDITH LAMBERT (aged 10).

F., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much, and am always on the look-out for it. I always liked it, even when I was a baby. My father kept the post-office, and we always got the 'Messenger.' For pets I have a dog, a cow, and a nice little pony. When it was born, it had sore legs, and was nearly a year getting healed. I went to Manitoba that year, and every letter mamma sent home I used to tell her to ask for my pony, but at last it got healed. I go to school every day, and like to go, too.

JEAN McEWEN.

[Your riddles have been asked before, Jean. —Ed.]

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Moonlight.' Dorothy Dumbrill (aged 9), L., Ont.
2. 'Prince Erskine.' Wesley Bigger, R., Man.
3. 'My Jack Knife.' Oral Frith (aged 10), M., Ont.
4. 'A Deer.' Harry Anderson (aged 12), C., N. B.
5. 'Man of War.' Henrietta M. Scott (aged 11), M. C., N.B.
6. 'Laplander and Reindeer.' Cleve Marshall, J., Ont.
7. 'This is the Maiden all Forlorn.' Marion Homer (aged 10), L. W. H., N.S.
8. 'A Horse.' Robert H. Weatherill, U., Ont.
9. 'Bird.' Matthias Krafoe (aged 9), N. E. P., N.S.
10. 'My Dog.' Iva Kincade (aged 10), K., Ont.
11. 'A Scene.' B. M., H., Ont.
12. 'A Parrot.' W. A. Henry (aged 8), S., N.B.
13. 'A Dutch Woman.' Berkeley Parrott (aged 10), B., Ont.
14. 'Indian Water Well.' Ray Ezekiel, India.
15. 'Our Sugar Camp.' Nettie Wylie, G., Ont.
16. 'My Cat.' Frieda Sullivan (aged 10), K., Ont.

OTHER LETTERS.

Hugh Grant, who writes from B., Ont., is visiting there with his aunt. He sends several riddles new to this page, some of them quite scientific. 1. How many foreigners make man uncivil? 2. How many weeks belong to the year? 3. Why is a watchdog bigger by night than by day? 4. When is a lady's dress like an unfortunate bull fighter? 5. Why is an old man's ranch in Texas like the focus of a sun-glass?

Isabel S. Baird, D., P. Que., has her teacher staying at her home.

Mina Campbell, C. M., Ont., sends a riddle that has been asked before. We hope you will be successful in your examinations, Mina.

Hugh Murry Smith, S. R., Man., asks this riddle—Why are good resolutions like ladies fainting in church?

Elsie Heard, and Mary Footon are in the same class at school in D., Ont. They both speak of their fine large playground, and the good time they have. They are old friends of the 'Messenger,' although neither can boast much more than a round dozen of years. Both send riddles that have been asked before.

A Stuart Campbell, M., P. Que., thinks his home is a beautiful place, and so it is. He has a yearling colt for a pet.

A little girl ten years old writes from Orangeville, Ont., but she does not give any name. She is living with her grandma, and her father is three thousand miles away from her. The riddles this little lassie sends have also been given before.

Willie H. England, L. G., Ont., sends a drawing which will find a place by-and-bye, and two riddles which have been given before. You had better look after your dog, Willie, if he is so fond of the street cars, because the motorman can't always be on the look-out.

Evatts Latimer, A., Ont., has seen robins already. The riddles enclosed have been asked before, and so has that sent in by Leon. S. Speck, L. K., Ont.

We have also received short letters from Fern Inman, P. R., Alice M. Dean, D,. N.S.; and Violet McIntosh, T., N.S.

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Eight different sets, each comprising three to six separate garments. Cut in medium size only, but may be altered to suit larger or smaller dolls. Any four sets for twenty cents, single sets, ten cents, or five cents if sent with some other order. Address, PATTERN DEPT., 'Weekly Witness' and 'Canadian Homestead,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

N.B.—The two patterns shown above will be sent free to any old subscriber sending in one new subscription to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents.

When Polly Was Lost.

(C. A. Parker, in 'Northwestern Christian Advocate.')

For the first time in all her six years Polly Chester was on a farm, and it was in the summer-time, too.

How she did enjoy it! Nothing in the city was half so nice, she thought, as she romped in the fields, picked wild flowers and berries, waded in the brook, fed the chickens, and tumbled on the hay in the barn, or hunted in it for eggs, sometimes finding a nest hidden away so cunningly that no one else had discovered it.

POLLY CLIMBS UP.

But of all her pleasures the chief one was this: Every evening, a little before supper-time, big Cousin Ben would take her up in front of him on old Billy's back, and they would go after the cows. This was Polly's great delight, and she was always right on hand ready for her ride—except just once.

One evening when Ben put the saddle on old Billy's back, the little girl was missing. Ben called, but there was no answer, so he went into the house to see if she were there, for he knew that she would be much disappointed if he should go without her.

But no one in the house knew where she was. 'She was in here about an hour ago,' Mrs. Chester said, 'and I haven't seen her since. She can't be very far away, but you'd better not wait for her, Ben, or you'll be late.'

So Ben went off alone. When he came back Polly was still missing, and he said he guessed he'd better look her up.

First he went to the barn, calling, 'Polly, O Polly!' He climbed up the ladder and looked about. No little brown head was to be seen.

Then the rest joined in the search. Aunt Nancy went up into the attic, then through all the other rooms of the house, and finally down cellar, while Uncle Dan and Mrs. Chester helped Ben hunt outside.

Polly's mother thought about the brook and her face grew white, but Uncle Dan said Polly could hardly drown in that it she tried, it was so shallow, unless she went a mile away. As for the well, the curb was so high that Ben declared she would have to try very hard to tumble into that. And there were no heavy woods for three-quarters of a mile.

But when they had searched all the places near by where she could possibly be, as well as many where she could not, calling, 'Polly! Polly! O Polly!' every minute, Uncle Dan said he was a little mite afraid the child had wandered to the woods.

'Or to—the brook—where it is deep,' faltered Mrs. Chester, her pale face full of alarm.

'Oh, no, I guess she hasn't,' Ben answered cheerily. 'Anyway, she's too smart to fall into it. But if she really got in the woods she'd have hard work finding her way out. Well, I believe I'll get Neighbor Drew and his boys to help us, and we'll look her up.'

'Oh, yes, do, right away!' begged Mrs. Chester. 'It will be getting dark pretty soon, and if she isn't here then, what shall I do!'

So Ben hurried out to the barn for the horses. While he was throwing the saddle on old Billy's back he heard a rustling in the loft above, and in another minute, Polly, with her hair full of hay, began to back down the ladder.

'Are you going after the

cows, now, Ben?' she asked with a yawn.

'Why, Polly Chester!' cried Ben, grabbing her in his arms. 'Have you been up there all this time?'

'Yes,' Polly replied gleefully. 'Did you try to find me, Ben? I made a nice nest in a corner and covered me all up with hay, only just my nose so I could breathe. It was lots of fun and I had a good nap. I thought I'd be right here all ready when you went after the cows.

'Why, Ben, aren't you going?' she asked anxiously as he dashed out of the barn with her in his arms.

Polly was much surprised when everybody crowded around, hugging and kissing her, and at the tears on her mother's face. When she found what it was all about she was still more surprised.

'Why, I didn't s'pose I slept so long,' she laughed. 'But you didn't need to be scairt about me. Course, I wouldn't be lost. I wish I'd woke up in time to help you go after the cows, though, Cousin Ben.'

'Well, I guess we all do,' Ben responded emphatically.

'And now let's have supper,' he added. 'I'm as hungry as a bear.'

'So I am,' too,' said Polly.

The Work of Ants.

In a pine forest, on a dry, sandy hillock, there was an ant heap, nearly as high as a child, with swarms of active little ants hurrying up from all sides and creeping into it. Why do you suppose the ants had built this high heap, and what were they so busy about? You may think it was a palace of pleasure, with dining halls and play rooms, and fine fun going on all day, for they were nearly all dragging into the heap something to feast upon, one tugging at a dead caterpillar, whilst another had a dried-up fly, or some other dainty.

Now, let me tell you, the ant heap is no holiday house, for the ants only built it for their little sisters. It is a big nursery, in which the young ants are nursed and brought up by the old ants, their sisters. They bring together pine needles, blades of grass, and wood splinters, lay them carefully on each other, stick them together with mud and grains of sand, and and so make halls and passages, rooms, and closets. They cover the outside of this wonderful structure with leaves and pine needles, making a close, slanting roof, from which the rain runs off, leaving the inside warm and dry.

The ant mother lays tiny eggs, no bigger than fine grains of sand, and from each egg there will come a young ant. The old ants carry the delicate eggs deep down into the earth at night, into the lowest halls of the building. There they remain nice and warm throughout the night, and when the sun shines brightly on the heap by day, they drag the eggs up again into the topmost room, in which they are hatched by the sun's rays. But the ant eggs must not only be kept warm like the bird's eggs, to bring the young inside to life, they must also be tended. The old ants lick them daily, covering them with a sweet juice which they bring in, for without this the eggs would dry up and perish.

Out of the eggs slip little, white, helpless grubs, that can neither walk nor seek their own food. The old ants carry the little creatures up and down in the heap, in just the same manner they did the eggs, fetching them food from the wood and putting it into their mouths. The quite young grubs only get sweet honey, but as soon as they are big they get stronger food. The grubs are also carefully licked and cleaned every day, so that no speck of dust remains on them, otherwise they would sicken and die.

When they have grown up they weave a fine web round themselves and sleep in it as in a little bed. Even then they are carried up and down daily by their elder sisters, who always find the warmest places to lay them in. Should someone disturb the ant-heap so that a chrysalis lies uncovered, the ants never think of themselves, but in all haste seize it and carry it into safety, whilst others defend the little ones or try to catch the disturber of their peace and bite them viciously.

Inside the cocoon the grub becomes an ant. The elder sisters listen carefully every day to hear if the little one is moving and ready to emerge, for she cannot get out of her web by herself. When they hear a knocking inside they cut the web open with their pincers and help the young sister to step out. Now look! This young ant has four delicate wings. In early autumn, when the weather is warm, thousands upon thousands of such winged ants come out of the earth. They buzz up into the air, dance about a while, and then sail far away like a cloud to make new ant-heaps in other places.

The industrious elder sisters can only sit and watch, but they have never expected thanks or reward from their young charges. They found their whole happiness in the care of their young sisters, and when the ant mother lays her eggs again next summer, they will take the same care of the new brood. —From 'Stories from Natural History.'

Just Come Here and Scratch.

A mother hen and her five chickens
Set out for a walk in the early morning
Said the first little chick,
With a queer little squirm,
'I wish I could find a fat little worm.'
And the next little chicken,
With an odd little shrug,
'I wish I could find a fat little bug.'
Said the third little chicken,
With a sharp little squeal,
'I wish I could find some nice yellow meal.'
Said the fourth little chicken,
With a small sigh of grief,
'I wish I could find a green little leaf.'
And the fifth little chicken,
With a faint little moan,
'I wish I had a wee gravel stone.'
'Now, see here,' said the mother,
From the green garden patch,
'If you want any breakfast,
Just come here and scratch.'
—'Farm Journal.'

Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is April, It is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

HOUSEHOLD.

For the Busy Mother.

Owing to a fire in the New York factory, we are unable to supply any pattern under No. 2000. Subscribers will please take note of this.

NO. 5692. NO. 5632.—A STYLISH STREET SUIT.

A smart design for a costume is here shown in a development of gray and black checked suiting. Five gores were used in the construction of the skirt, the back being arranged in an inverted box-pleat. A perfectly smooth adjustment is given about the hips, from which there is a gradual widening to the lower edge, which is quite full. The coat is of a style generally becoming, and admits of being made in either long or short hip length. It is fitted by seams that extend to the shoulders in both back and front, giving long, graceful lines to the figure. The mode is appropriate for broadcloth, serge, cheviot and mohair. For 36 inches bust measure 2 1-2 yards of 44-inch material will be required for the coat, and 6 1-2 yards for the skirt.

Ladies' Coat, No. 5696.—Sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

Ladies' plain, five-gored skirt, in long, medium sweep round and short round length, No. 5632.—Sizes for 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure.

The above illustration calls for two separate patterns. The price is ten cents for the waist and ten cents for the skirt.

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Selected Recipes.

MOLASSES CANDY.—A good recipe for molasses candy is: Take three cups of granulated sugar and place in a large saucepan, pour on a quarter of a cup of water, and allow to slowly dissolve over the fire. After it has boiled for several minutes, pour in a cup of molasses, very slowly, stirring meanwhile; allow to boil again, and add a half-cup of molasses. Stir occasionally, so that the syrup does not stick or burn. Then add a teaspoonful of cider vinegar, poured in slowly. This stirs up considerable commotion, and should be thoroughly stirred so that it mixes with the syrup.

Boil for awhile and test in the usual way, by dipping a little of the mixture in a cup of cold water; just before removing, add a little vanilla, stir, and pour on buttered pans.

When nuts are used, they are placed on the pans, and the hot mixture is poured over. Quick stirring must be done to mix thoroughly together. Peanuts crushed to powder, combined with plain molasses candy, are delicious. Before the candy hardens in the pans, butter the sides of a knife and mark off into square blocks.

Nuts, small pieces of figs, slices of lemon-peel, and a little tea berries make a rather unusual-looking sweet meat, which, in reality, is nothing more than molasses candy poured over these ingredients.—'Morning Star.'

CHICKEN SOUP WITH DUMPLINGS.—Kill, scald and pick a good sized fat chicken. Cut in pieces, and put on to boil in one gallon of water. Cold water is best, but hot may be used if in a hurry. Salt to taste. Let boil one hour for every year of its age, or till tender, and meantime have one cup of rice boiling. When tender take out meat (chicken), and use it as preferred. In the broth put rice, and add as much boiling water as you deem proper. Now make your dumplings. Two cups flour, two eggs, a little salt, and one pint water; stir all together, but do not beat them; drop into the boiling broth with a long spoon; stir occasionally. Make the dumplings as small as you can, and drop in quickly. When it boils up (if the fire is moderate, as it should be) it is done. Add any flavoring preferred. The above quantities are sufficient for ten persons.

Nature's Spring Remedies.

That it is necessary to take a little medicine in the spring is one of those beliefs to which we are attached, without questioning ourselves much as to the reason why. The precise kind of medicine taken depends largely upon family tradition; some place their reliance on one remedy; some on another. Nature, whose remedies are not given perfunctorily, brings out her materia medica in due course, and administers her doses, disguising them in a pleasant fashion.

One of the first and best of her remedies, presumably given to cure rashes and all ills that arise from impurity of the blood, is watercress. When we find the bronzed varie-

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ty we know that her dose of sulphur and iron, not to mention the phosphates, is an exceptionally good one. What pleasanter way can we have of taking these than as a crisp relish to bread and butter, as a sandwich, a salad, or as a sauce to roast mutton? And if any one knows not watercress soup they have something good yet to discover.

Mustard and cress, spring onions, radishes and young lettuce are all in nature's hand waiting for us to make use of them, and most people will be quick enough to seize on these; but when the first green nettles and dandelions appear and when sorrel peeps up and she would have us take them also few heed her advice. In some places, perhaps, you will meet with a dish of young nettle tops—soldisant spinach—or a dandelion salad. In these we should get taraxacum, for the cure of dyspepsia and for the correction of appetite and taste, as well as the remedy for that troublesome eruption called the nettlerash—the cure indicated in the name.

Spring cabbage never fails to receive a cordial welcome from all, and though there is hardly any other vegetable which in its growth so impoverishes the soil of the garden, there are few others from which we gain so many of those valuable phosphates needed for the enrichment and purification of the blood.

Onions are one of the finest nerve tonics we have, and if spring onions are chopped and spread between slices of breadand butter they form a sandwich that if eaten at supper-time will do a great deal toward insuring a good night's sleep. Plenty of onions should be found in a spring salad, even though eating them isolates one from his fellow-men.

Dryness of the skin and other eruptions call for more fruit to be eaten. In garden rhubarb we have a valuable medicine, even if it be a humble one. While young and fresh its acidity is not excessive and it lends itself to the making of delicious pies—yes, even of ices. Excellent, too, are rhubarb fritters.

Pattern Catalogue.

For the convenience of the busy mothers into whose homes the 'Messenger' goes, we have arranged to supply a catalogue containing from 400 to 500 new designs for ladies', misses' and children's clothes, for spring and summer of 1907, all of which may be ordered through the 'Messenger' Pattern Department. The catalogue also contains practical illustrated hints on the making of fine lingerie and baby clothes. Send 10 cents in coin or stamps, writing name and address in full, that no mistake may occur. Be sure to mention the 'Northern Messenger,' or, if desired, the pattern coupons on this page may be used in ordering the catalogue.

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If 'Messenger' readers ordering goods advertized in the 'Messenger' will state in their order that they saw the advertisement in the 'Messenger,' it will be greatly appreciated by all concerned.

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